

Origins



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Chapter 2

Darkness has fallen upon Canterlot. As the day ends, people retreat into the comfort of their homes and prepare for a night of rest, further awaiting the leisure of the upcoming weekend. Here and there are a few holdouts of music and light, but even those grow silent and dim as the night creeps on. Everywhere in town vigils end, and people surrender to sleep's embrace.

The stillness reigns in Sweet Apple Acres, broken only by the chirping of crickets. The farmhouse was built to accommodate a large family, and the quiet is all the more noticeable when it is as empty as tonight. Only two people lie sleeping in its rooms: the family's eldest daughter, and a visitor from another world. Had someone peeked earlier on the house, they would have witnessed a brief but intense argument. But now, the house's residents sleep.

Yet something stirs in the darkness. In the guest room, a hazy pink light shines from the nightstand. Bit by bit, the glow's source resolves into the shape of a closed book's pages. It takes even more time for smaller details in the book's cover to emerge. The vague echo of whispers drifts by as the book opens up, flooding the room in soft shades of rose to fuchsia. Gradually, the gentle light increases, yet is never enough to disturb the sleeping guest.

And then, the brilliance coalesces into thin, warm shafts. The wisps of almost-solid light drift smoothly across the room, clumsily caressing and groping anything within their reach. Eventually, one of them finds the bed, and saunters around, hungrily searching for a bit more of the sweet life that teased them into existence a few hours before. By chance, it brushes the slumbering girl's arm.

It stiffens a bit as it realizes it has found its target, and its allies abandon their

blind explorations and reach for the girl's warmth and strength. Yet they can do no more than lap at the residual power that seeps out of their slumbering quarry. They pat and stroke, but their touch barely has any substance behind it. The light greedily drinks of the girl's magic, but it comes in drops and fumes, making its thirst starker and all the more piercing.

It wants and craves and needs. It is both patient and frantic, capable of persisting for untold years waiting for sustenance, yet desperate not to return to the silence from whence it came. It is energy, unthinking and lost, barely more than rock and less than even plants, yet there is enough life in it to fear the advancing dark. Desperate, it spreads its feather-light touch across the dreamer, seeking more of the delight she exudes.

And then, one of the strands brushes against her ear, and it tenses. It feels the opening, and the possibility it holds. There isn't anything as complex as hope or judgment. Maybe a brief instant of surprise. But the light wastes no time, smoothly pressing against the body's natural defenses, seeking an entrance into the bright energy it feels beneath the surface. The girl's magic resists, but every now and then it briefly wavers, and there the pink finds the chink in the armor. It takes time to sink in, but eventually a drop of it digs under the layer of light and begins making its way into the dreamer's mind.

And meanwhile, the hunger remains, and the light returns to sampling the morsels of heat.

Twilight is walking. She's in her human form, wandering around, in some place she doesn't recognize. There's a warmth in the air, and a feeling of familiarity and comfort. The path she walks is vague, almost undefined. The only constant is

books. It doesn't feel like any library she's ever been, though home comes close. Every now and then, she picks a scroll or a volume, but nothing grabs her attention for long and she continues her aimless walk. There's no ceiling above her, she idly notes. Just a sky of purple, scarlet and gold, languidly swirling above her head. The colors eddy and curl, mixing and separating in a strange dance.

As she drops her attention from the sky, a mess of reds and blues crashes, and a tiny shock of pink surfaces.

Twilight idly picks another tome and leafs through it, though it is no more interesting than its brethren. With a sigh, she lays it down. At that instant, it hits her.

There is a tiny flash at the edge of her vision.

She stands there for a second, confused. Then, she begins walking towards the light, past halls of books and strange furniture. As she follows the light, she doesn't notice when the white tiles below her gradually erode and give way to soft, pleasantly heated sand, or when the walls around her simply fade. At the end of the path, there is a mirror. Not as ornate or even as large as her passage into the human world; in fact, it looks almost like something one could find in any bedroom.

Twilight gives herself a cursory glance and fleetingly smiles at her reflection, then turns to leave.

The big chair wasn't there a moment ago.

She cocks her head and slides her palm across the chair's surface. It's cool and

fluid to the touch, and so comfy and elastic that Twilight just has to sit down. She hops into the cushy recliner, and wiggles a bit to find the best position to rest in. But after a second, she stops. There's something hard poking her.

The princess rummages a bit under her rump, and pulls out the offender: a bright pink book.

A wisp of a memory tries to surface from Twilight's memory, but to no avail. She knows she's seen the book somewhere, but she can't recall where or when. She explores the tome with slender fingers, and gapes a bit when she sees its lock flopping in her grasp. With a smile, she settles into the chair and prepares to read.

A voice in the wind speaks the first line. "First of all, know yourself."

As she lies sleeping, the pony turned human's breath slows and deepens. She sprawls and sinks into the mattress, and then the light feels a tiny trickle of magic. The faint haze of power gradually increases, and the tendrils eagerly consume the intoxicating nectar.

The energy rivulets then become aware of how the covers block their feast. A few remain at their task, while others begin pulling at the bedsheets, intent on uncovering Twilight.

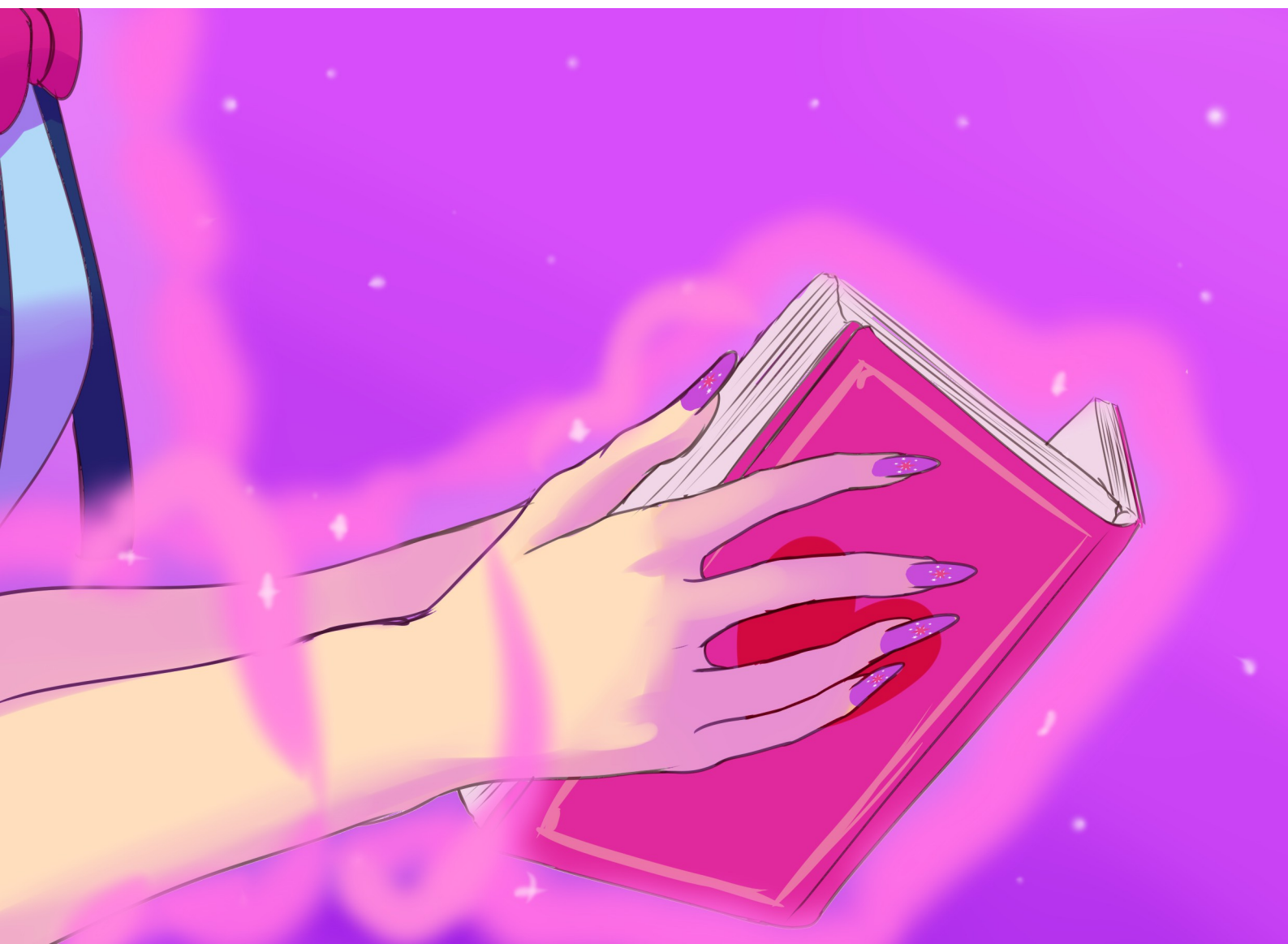
The words come in a calm, rhythmic cadence.

"For the self is the greatest tool of the practitioner, and the body is the root of the

self. As it is impossible to know how a tool can be used without knowing it fully, it is also impossible for the Apprentice to attempt to understand the greater mysteries without full knowledge his or her own mind and body.”

Twilight smiles. This is magic, real and new magic that no one in either world has seen in Celestia knows how long. Even a few sentences in, she can tell she’s going to learn a lot with this book. As the princess loses herself in the book, bright pink magic rises from the pages, coiling into her fingers, seeping into her body. She doesn’t even notice as her sensibly-manicured nails lengthen and sharpen to a stiletto point, or even when a bright purple coat with shiny stars glazes each of them.

“It is a well-known flaw of more than one practitioner, from apprentice to master, to ignore the latter. There could not be a greater mistake. Abandoning either



invites danger and confusion.

Great understanding of the boundaries of the psyche and the coil is an invaluable tool for any magus, no matter their shape. So ask yourself and try to answer truly and fully: do you know yourself?"

Twilight lightly chuckles. She does know a bit of that herself. Back home it had taken a while to train her body for the Running of the Leaves. It was a month of hard exercise, and in the end she hadn't really kept up more than enough to make sure she was fit enough to keep running whenever the need arose, which happened to be most days. But as she thinks on it, the more it strikes her that she hasn't kept up with the changes to her body. Truth be told, her routine had changed little with her ascension, or more pressingly, with her entrance into the human world.

"This book is meant to help magi from all rank and stripe find the same perfection and beauty they seek in their mind and craft reflected upon their bodies, and through this attain ever higher understanding, to bring joy and pleasure to themselves and the world around them."

Twilight reads on with wide eyes. As her breaths slow down and deepen, the pink creeps through her arms and reaches for her core. It begins slow; gradually, heat begins to expand from her midsection. The teen at first ignores it, adrift in the words and the drawings, but the warmth steadily increases until it becomes irritating and then oppressive. Soon, Twilight begins panting, and her attention is forced from the octavo to her blouse's buttons. Clumsily, she undoes the first two buttons, and tries to get back to the tome.

"Engrave these lessons on your mind, and find your path in the Art. Endeavor to always be wise as the most experienced master and as eager and fresh as the

youngest novice.

Though you may forget the words, may the lesson stay with you forever.”

The book talks about how to mold beauty in flesh and spirit. How to enjoy and share it. How to give and receive love. There are images that skirt the line into pornography and diagrams that outright dive into it.

There is definitely satisfaction in the voice.

“Know that your body has already accepted the wisdom of these pages, and now it is time for your mind to likewise embrace it. Follow the sound of your voice. Start from the beginning. Know yourself.”

Eventually, the bed covers fall to the floor, revealing the princess’ almost-naked body, which is very different from Twilight as she had been only a few hours ago.

Instead of a plain, pretty girl, lying on the Apples’ guest room lies a voluptuous, beautiful teen.

The magic that has already taken root within Twilight has added almost five inches to her original height, stretching her into a different, almost unreal shape. A new balance has been rounded out between the baby fat and the teasing outlines of new muscle. Her breasts softly rise and fall with their breath, round and heavy and perky, barely contained by a skintight top. She wears no bra, so the outline of her nipples is completely visible. The tiny sky-blue top also fails at covering her titmeat, displaying a generous amount of underboob.



Her hips form a perfect hourglass figure with her boobs, tautly clothed by a skintight, high-rise thong, which accentuates the outlines of her clit and camel toe while keeping the crack of her buns in full display. Further down, her legs are luscious and thick, covered in thin, bright stockings that almost reach to her meaty, full ass cheeks.

The light strands twine themselves around the sleeping princess' limbs, and for the first time, her body feels their touch. The magic is now a small stream, enough for a small feat. The shining braids exert force for the first time. Not upon Twilight, but upon their source. Jerkily, the book is dragged from its place in the nightstand, pulled closer to its goal.

First, it tumbles into the floor, but bit by bit the pink streams drag it onto the bed. It is a slow, persistent process, but Twilight's mind is open to the magic's caresses, and the power the tome siphons from her keeps flowing strong. At long last, it overcomes the summit of the mattress. The ethereal coils relax for a second, and then let go of their anchor points.

Then they resume their exploration the girl's body. This time, they move at a slower pace. Tenderly, they wrap themselves around Twilight, and lay her flat on her back. With the same tenderness, they open up and extend her limbs. For a moment, the sleeping princess has time to feel cold, and very nearly tries to curl on herself. But the pink, softly and implacably, stretches her wide open while the book settles in the valley of her splayed thighs. And as the pink light spreads across her, the cold is no more.

Shocks of bright fuchsia and candy pink drain into the dream sky.

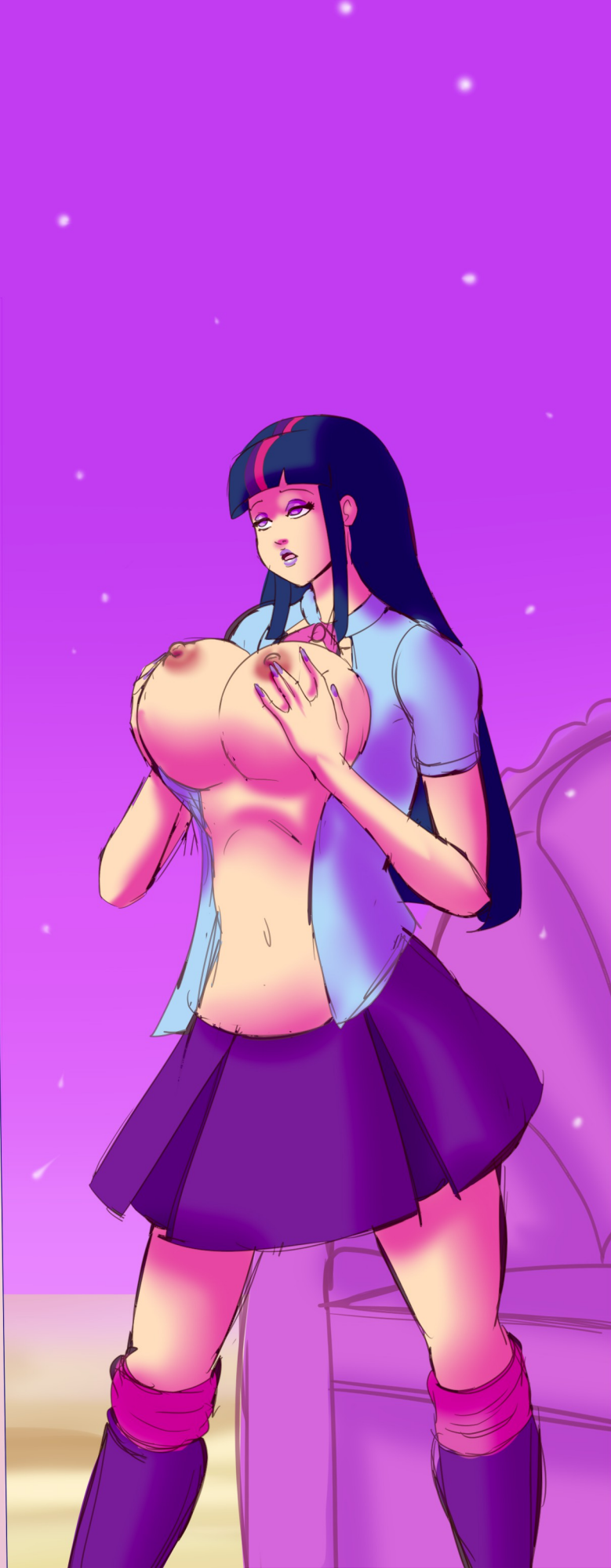
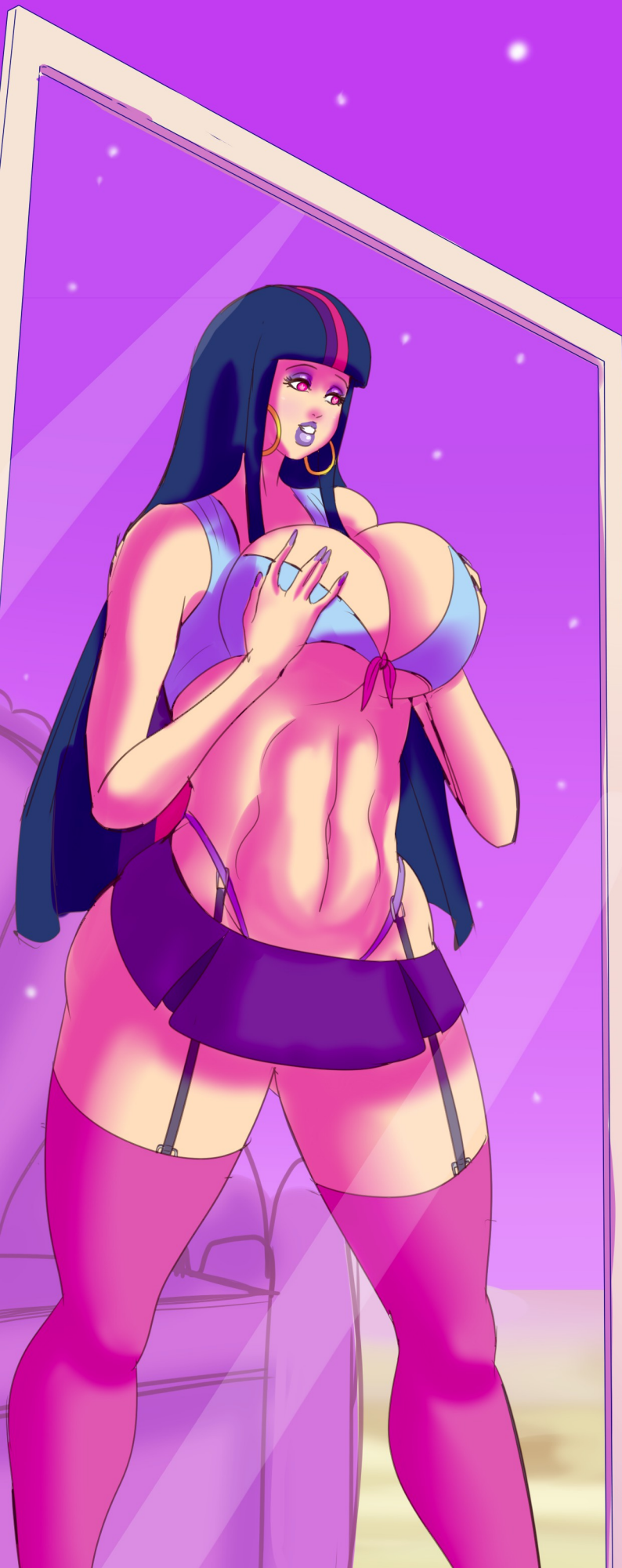
“Your body is wise. Listen to it. Feel it telling you what it wants. Feel the changes it needs, keep an open mind and be ready to challenge everything you thought you knew. There is always a part of you ready to tackle on the unknown. You may be unaware of how much you are holding yourself back.”

As Twilight’s mind keeps absorbing the book’s words, alien thoughts begin mixing with her own. She remembers the vague thought she had when pawing her boobs in front of the mirror earlier. Later, she had thought. It had just been an idle idea, but now, she actually starts thinking about it, all thoughts of decorum long since evaporated. She is alone, and nobody would bother her, right?

Swallowing, the teen releases the remaining buttons of her blouse and opens it with fluttering fingers. With a heavy breath, she slides a hand under the bra and begins exploring her breast, warm and soft and slick with sweat. Her breath grows heavy as her ministrations start building with the heat. The book’s question echoes in her mind, over and over. “Do you know yourself?”

The answer resounds in her ears with every moan of pleasure. No. No, she doesn’t know herself. She didn’t know this facet of her body, and now she can’t stop herself from wanting to know. This new magic, hot and delicious, is opening her eyes. For a moment, she briefly begins working out a detailed plan to explore herself, developing a list of steps and protocols...

And then Twilight pinches her nipple, and everything changes.



She throws her head back, choking back a scream of pleasure, everything else forgotten. The bra fades from existence, liberating the princess to fondle her modest assets. As the massage progresses, new flesh blooms under Twilight's fingers, soft and shapely and sensitive, with dark areolae crowned by taut, engorged nipples. Enraptured by the transformation, she almost misses the voice of the book, beckoning her attention once more.

"Know yourself."

Before she can protest she's doing her best, she lowers the book, and sees the speaker in the mirror.

The Twilight in the mirror is... more. Taller. Stronger. Sluttier. Everything the reflection is, Twilight wants. Before the princess can stammer out a question, her spitting image smiles at her. "You're doing fine. Watch. Learn. Know yourself."

With a decisive snap, mirror Twilight closes her own book, sets it aside, and begins the lesson. She kneads her melons with practiced ease, her expression melting into an eager smile. Twilight is transfixed at the spectacle, following her double's hands as they push and mold her mams, groping them from below, sweeping across the meat of each breast, even knowing when to slide a hand through the valley of her hooters down to the edge of her G-string.

For a moment, the princess wonders what is so alluring about her doppelganger, and is surprised at the answer. Her reflection exudes a confidence she's never known, a complete and utter comfort in her own skin. She tries to imitate her twin's movement, even if her motions are slower and clumsier. She focuses her attention on the display in front of her, uncaring as her blouse withers into a diminutive top.

As the exotic magic begins molding her body for pleasure, both her own and others', everything else in the princess' mind flutters away in the warm, erotic haze. Ponykind sexuality is atrociously limited compared to the cascade of hot, kinky ideas and concepts the pink is pouring into her brain. With slow, gasping breaths, Twilight loudly and messily smacks her lips, full and plump and oh so very purple. Mesmerized by desire, her only thought is to keep touching herself, to let the power work its magic on her until she overflows.

“Good. Come. Learn. Be ready to challenge everything you know.”

For a moment, the princess hesitates. Her bewitching, bouncy bust aches for attention... and yet, she cannot bring herself to ignore the alluring voice, the voice that has already introduced to a whole new world. Taking deep breaths, she manages to pull herself up from her wonderfully comfortable recliner.

Twilight stumbles to her feet, ambling in unsteady, slow steps, until she manages to grasp the mirror's frame. Gasping, she tries to gather herself, until a light touch raises her head, and her sight meets a pair of gorgeous, lovely eyes that exactly match her own. Her jaw parts slightly in surprise, and with a beatific smile, the Twilight in the mirror leans in. Their lips crash in a blazing kiss, and the last the princess registers is her double's tongue sliding into her mouth and her hand squeezing her tit.

While Twilight no longer feels cold, her nipples harden, tenting the already overcrowded top. Two luminous tendrils frisk her heavy mams, patting and pressing them, playing with her areolae and digging into the plump, heavy flesh.

Another slides back and forth through her cleavage, rubbing and brushing everywhere it can. Several knead her ass cheeks and glide down her thighs, stroking and feeling all the way. Yet another taps at the princess' mouth, quietly but steadily prodding at her lips until they part and allow it access. Soon, Twilight's tongue dances in concert with the intruder, drenching it with warm drool and sucking it, with the occasional thrust briefly distending her throat while two more filaments massage the sides of her neck.

By now, the air is heavy with the scent of sex. The pink is stronger, more defined. The trickle of stolen power has grown into a torrent, making the book all the hungrier. There is now power behind its touch, and the light streams now drip with as much magic as they imbibe.

Even so, most of the pink energy is scattered across the teen's body, filling her with more of itself. Little drops of pink are squeezed in as her natural magic rushes out. But something isn't right. The pink is overpowering within the unresisting girl; the changes in her should be surging. And yet, even though her mind drinks eagerly of the fire and knowledge of the book, it's having far less of an effect than expected. Rather than a continuous rise in her attributes, her body has stabilized even though she has become saturated with the strange magic.

She isn't responding as she should. Instead of internalizing it, her body has begun naturally exuding the pink.

The intruder responds the only way it can. It finds any openings, any space left where it can be absorbed and retained by Twilight. It smoothens her skin, firms up fatty tissue, forms up new muscle. It modifies nerve endings to maximize pleasure and increases her stamina. It modifies every inch of her body to turn her into an experienced and talented sex machine, matching the skill and

practice infused upon her mind.

And yet, it isn't enough.

So the book opens wider, and a thick, juicy shaft of glistening rays looms from the pages. Delicately, the feelers unclip the garter belt from the thong and undo the knots keeping the tiny garment in place. Keeping a steady rhythm as it fucks the teen's tits and mouth, the light drags the book to the wet, shining pussy. One of the strings lashes out, brushing and tormenting her love button as the pink rod grinds at her box until glossy and sleek.

It aligns its fat, glowing head to the oblivious teen's slit, adjusts the pink streams, and dives into her.

Between the gushes of lust, a hungry fire spreads across the princess' tender loins. Her free hand slides down her luscious, thick leg, teasing and groping, but the searing allure of her cunt drags it back to her soaked panties. The image in the mirror nods, approving the show of initiative as she fondles her bust.

"Good. Your body is wise. Listen to it."

Steadying her hand, she begins petting her labia with deep, fast strokes. Squirming with want, she breathily moans as her ass fills up, forming a plump, succulent bubble butt, and squeals when her thighs widen to match. Her hemline rises inch by inch, until she's left with a strip of pleated fabric too short to even be a microskirt tightly hugging her surging hips.

Further down, her leg warmers smoothen and rise, pressing tight until they

cover her legs up to her thighs. With a taunting finger, Twilight teases her snatch, then gives her delicate mound a long, drawn-out squeeze, cooing as her tightly drawn panties morph into a thinner and tighter thong. The princess curls into her double's ample assets, her knees briefly faltering at the unknown sensation of a very pleasurable wedgie. Her counterpart in the mirror beams, and once again calls her out, producing a long, floppy... thing.

“Learn.”

Extending a thick, wet tongue, Twilight's twin methodically laves half the length of the toy, coating it with a slick sheen of drool. Bending it in half, she settles into a rhythm sucking the shaft, gradually pushing it deeper into her mouth. In and out. The princess struggles to keep her eyes on the measured bobbing while her hand frantically strokes her snatch. Soon enough, the bauble looks like it's hitting the back of her throat.

Silently, the lookalike signals the teen to pay attention, and then pushes the thing even further.

The heat in Twilight's pussy intensifies as she sees the toy stretch her double's throat. After a few seconds, the routine resumes. Every time, the thing goes a little bit deeper, and stays for a bit longer as the reflection teases her gullet. And even as focused as she is in the act, her arm dives under the original's skirt, giving her pearl a quick nip as she devours the dildo.

At the end, giving the device a last deep suck, the reflection slowly draws the trinket out, skillfully wiping it as it leaves her mouth. She smiles as she finishes with a final smack of pure gusto, and licks her lips in satisfaction. For a moment, the doppelganger rests at ease, then offers Twilight herself the other end of the

phallus. The princess blinks, broken out of the mesmerizing show by the sudden test.

“Whoa. I... I... Okay... that, that looked like it was delicious, but I don’t know if...”

The girl in the mirror stops her with a finger upon her lips. “Holding yourself back.” Her perennial smile stretches into a smirk. “Challenge.”

The princess freezes for a second, but her choice is clear from the start. “Oh, it is so on.” Decision sparks in her eyes. She will not be second to herself. Wetting her tongue, she repeats her identical friend’s actions. First, licking her half of the gadget, making sure none of it remained dry. It’s a bit less solid than it looks, but still more enough to make it interesting. Twilight stops for a second, locks eyes with her twin, opens her eyes, and begins feasting on the thing.

She’s slower than the more experienced slut in front of her, but she gets the hang of it remarkably fast, and soon enough, she’s inhaling more and more of the toy. Twilight barely notices as the heels in her mary janes rise with each wobble or when her stockings reach up to her skirt to form a new garter. All she knows is that her new snack is delicious. The teen barely moans when her reflection draws her closer and passionately begins molesting her firm glutes.

When Twilight’s experimentation finally reaches the entrance of her gullet, the lookalike raises her end to her mouth, and tightly hugs the princess. For an instant, the teen is at a loss for words, until she realizes what her friend intends. Both remain quiet for a second, getting used to the double phallus connecting them. It takes a moment for each to find their comfort zone and get back into their preferred beat, but once the flow has steadied, there’s no stopping them. They both know what they want. The duplicate wraps her hands behind

Twilight's head, and cocks her head in an unspoken question.

Twilight winks.

The corners of their mouths turn upwards. The pressure is uncomfortable for the first seconds, but Twilight's throat quickly cedes, allowing the intruder further access. The first time is brief, and it pops back out almost immediately, but the princess is hooked. She has tasted victory, and wants more. This time, it is her who grabs her twin's shoulders, and it is she who lunges forward. It doesn't last long either, but the teen insists, fighting back the shivers of lust to continue her snack at all cost. Reassuringly, her twin's hands slide down her back, supporting her and keeping her in place.

Over and over she wolfs down the toy, and each time she edges closer to her goal. There is no haste; they take their time savoring each hard-won inch they partake of. But with each bob, more of the trinket is glazed with their saliva, and the smaller the gap between their faces becomes. Their hefty melons mash together as their hands dig under the other's skirt and thong, blindly pawing at their counterpart's love boxes.

And then, after an eternity of lust, their lips lock.

The smoking kiss lasts only for a few seconds, but to them that time is no less than an eternity. Both press at the other's mouth, intent on making every instant count, wrapped in and holding each other. With a final shiver, the duplicates begin separating, just enough to feed some air to their oxygen-deprived lungs.

To the reflection's surprise, just a few seconds later, the princess renews the assault with a second kiss. This time, it is her who has been caught unaware, the

one being led in the dance. They lock eyes, and for a split second, Twilight sees her eyes reflected in deep pink.

The second kiss is shorter than even the first, but Twilight is awash with euphoria, taking her time to relish every aspect of the experience as she steadily pulls away from the phallus. But as the toy leaves her throat and she begins breathing evenly again, her knees buckle, and this time, her partner can't save her from tumbling to the sand. The teen coughs and whimpers, trying to regain her footing.

Soft hands rub her back, and the spreading warmth helps. It doesn't take long for the princess to take long, deep breaths, and soon enough she's leaning at the mirror frame, relaxing as her new friend massages her throat, kneading everything from jaw to clavicle. Twilight melts into her reflection's embrace, until her partner gives her exposed nipple a quick grope. The princess yelps in surprise, but refuses to separate from the mirror's frame. "You're never going to let me drop my guard, will you?"

The duplicate chortles and leans forward. "Challenge."

Twilight giggles, pushing forward. "Oh? Got something else for me?"

The girl in the mirror's eyes twinkle with impish delight as she produces a second, identical bauble. Both smile. Without hesitation, the clone raises it to their lips, and together, they give it the same tongue bath as the first. One washes the cockhead, another drenches the length in slobber. They take turns for a bit, though when Twilight prepares to inhale the toy, her twin pulls it away. At the teen's nonplussed look, her twin turns around and leans down, presenting her thick ass with a quick flip of her microskirt.

Twilight's gaze is locked on her partner's buns as she pulls down her skimpy G-string to her knees and presses the tip of one of her new favorite toys into her labia, pushing it further in with a moan. Then, she brings the second thing to the crack of her ass, sliding it up and down, until the crown rests at the back door. There is a short and sweet struggle, and the shaft glides into the depths of the mirror girl's anus. With a quiet snicker, she wiggles her ass at the princess in an unmistakable gesture of invitation.

The princess chuckles, pulling down her own panties. "Time for the main event, huh..."

Outside Twilight's dreams, the pink force struggles. Something is different.

Magic is much like programming, in that it sets orders to be followed within a set of variables. In the same way, an improperly cast spell or a poorly defined list of directives can create as much mayhem as a crude line of code in a system.

Twilight Sparkle's something the book's maker never considered, and now the discrepancy is wreaking havoc on the book's code. Even as the torrent of energy fills the tome with life and power, it forces changes upon it as well, as it has been doing ever since it latched upon her at the library.

But it still tries. It knows nothing else.

The extra energy has opened possibilities. With a final burst of power, the room is flooded in blush and coral, saturating the air with its sexual charge. There are no more strands of light: Twilight is now fully immersed in the erotic energy. Gently at first, the mattress' springs creak as the weight they support is lifted,

until the teen floats, held on place by the massed pinkness that fights to fill all of her. With a swift tug she's turned around, leaving her belly down.

And for the next trick, her smooth buttocks part as the magic pushes into her backside.

The princess hisses and growls, furiously jiggling and pinching her clit. Her pussy's abundantly moist, and the edge of pleasure in her back door grows as the dildo gets closer to spreading the resisting muscle ring open. Twilight groans. She wants this. She needs this. Her body will have no secrets for her. She wants to fuck and be fucked, to feast on male meats of every size and drink of tits and slits. She needs... she needs...

She needs to teach everyone just how glorious this magic is.

With a slow push, her ass opens up, allowing the invading toy entrance into her tight tunnel.

Hovering above the bed, Princess Twilight Sparkle is methodically fucked by a massive blob of solid magic. Her thighs are opened wide, her perfect ass bouncing and bucking by the pounding of twin thick, juicy cocks in her love canal and anus. Her mams are roughly squeezed and fondled as her throat is vigorously railed. She has become a font of magic, drinking and discharging cascades of energy to and from the book.



The magic quivers, always hungry, always wanting, as the cycle of life and fire settles into a loop.

The smack as the twins' identical asses slap against each other is the sweetest sound Twilight has ever heard. The feeling of the pair of dildos entering and leaving her is just exquisite torture. Beads of sweat coat her body and globs of drool drop from her mouth. Her few remaining thoughts question how it was possible she had never known her body was holding such secrets from her. One of her hands clutches her bountiful ass cheeks, while the other feverishly paws at her melons.

She feels the climb for the climax reaching its end, a voice in her head whispering



something, something that drowns in the sea of sensuality and bodies. Whatever it was, it fades, replaced by an echo wishing for another dildo in her throat.

And with a final, lecherous moan, Twilight's orgasms crash, burying the perfect pony princess under an avalanche of slut.

"Greater mystery."

"...uh?"

The pink haze is so thick. As she somewhat regains her senses, Twilight waves her hand, briefly dispersing the heavy mist. Breathing heavily, she pats her backside. A lewd smile crosses her face when she realizes both of the toys are still buried within her. She whimpers in delight, leisurely reaching for the wonderful artifacts and pulling them out, taking her time and making sure to rub every nook and cranny.

"Always a part of you."

After a minute or two of confusion, she wipes her mouth with the back of her hand and rises to her feet, fighting for balance against her heels. Much like the first time she set foot in the human world, she adapts remarkably quickly to her new anatomy, and it only takes her a minute to adjust her gait to her new form. Heads up, shoulders back. Lead on with her boobs. Sashay her hips. And combine it all into a slutty strut. With a smug smile, she flounces to the mirror to find her double wearing a sleazy grin.

“Experienced as a master, eager and fresh as a novice. Always.”

There is a brief rush of wind at the words. It brushes and refreshes the princess, cleaning and caressing her. The cool wave washes over her from head to toe, clothing her in her wonderful new clothes. The breeze feels awesome as it kisses her thighs, relaxing and rejuvenating her spent muscles. Twilight gleefully stretches and runs her hands all over, feeling like a proper princess from end to end. A horny, energetic Princess who just discovered how wonderful sex could be.

“Engrave these lessons on your mind.”

Twilight blinks as her reflection motions, and lines of radiant letters form before her. It takes her a moment to realize it’s a series of Equestrian symbols, but as she follows, her gaze becomes more piercing as understanding dawns upon her. “It’s a way to use magic here in the human world!” She giggles like a schoolgirl. “I can show everyone a path of friendship between worlds!”

The Twilight in the mirror smiles as the dream dissolves. The sand is swept away, the chair collapses and the mirror frame vanishes. And the first bit of Twilight to embrace the future, to understand the truth of the book’s wisdom, diffuses into the greater structure of her mind.

“Forget these words. May the lesson remain.”

“Awaken.”

Twilight swims through the remains of the dream. She feels cold.

Strangely, she also feels amazingly fine. Dimly, she recognizes something like the burn of a good exercise run, but even better. Her skin feels moist; absently, she wipes at the odd sensation, only to stop when she feels the hard nub of her erect nipples in the cool air. Groaning, she looks down. Typical, she thinks, as she sees she's kicked off the covers, leaving her in a diminutive top and a skintight thong in the night. And to boot, the top's open and she's slid off the thong.

For the most part, she's okay with sleeping in the nude – as an Equestrian, she'd always found the custom of sleeping with clothes on a bit silly – and the night isn't really that cold anyway. She pulls up the thong as far as it can go, pleased at the sensual feeling in her privates as she straightens her garter.

Then, she remembers the lesson. For a moment, she wonders if it was a dream, and nothing more.

A tiny spark of pink dances across her fingers.

Twilight Sparkle leaps from the bed, frantically looking for something to write on. She can't afford to forget, not something this important. There is a forgotten pen in one of the drawers. And the book is on the bed. Weird. She remembers placing it on the nightstand when going to sleep. By Sweet Apple Acres' moonlight, the princess finds an empty page and fills it with her revelation. Once she's done, she sighs in relief and allows herself to relax. It is done. She won't forget. She closes the book and puts it back on the stand.

As she picks the covers and tosses them back on the bed, the teen notices the big mirror behind her. A strange shiver of apprehension passes through the former pony. She walks up to the mirror, and pushes against it with a guttural moan. The

girl staring back at her is no longer a plain, pretty teen, it's a voluptuous, hungry slut. Raptly taking in every detail of her new body, Twilight smiles. This is her. Beautiful, lustful. She briefly struggles to adjust her top, and in the end succeeds in finding a comfortable position. It's indecent on so many levels: the perfect outline of her nipples, the wide view of her underboob, Tartarus, the very attempt to cover up her titmeat with the thing is obscene, and suggestive, and oh so sexy...

But a quick rub convinces her everything's absolutely fine the way it is. She returns to bed and dives under the covers. Closing her eyes, she curls on herself.

She can barely wait to show everyone in the morning.